

LAST EDITION
JOHNSTOWN'S WOE.

Italian Laborers Forced to Work by Soldiers.

A Rainfall This Morning Makes the Air More Bearable.

Fifty Newly Discovered Dead Bodies Buried To-Day.

A Score of Thieving Loafers Drummed Out of the Town.

JOHNSTOWN, June 10.—Two hundred Italians who have been drawing rations at Cambria City, but who have suitably refused to work, were compelled to work to-day at the muzzles of a hundred muskets in the hands of a detachment of the Fourteenth Regiment.

A steady rain is falling, and its effect on the atmosphere can be but beneficial, though it is still hot and stifling here.

The Johnstown Grand Army posts have made a careful canvass and are now rejoicing, for out of a membership of 305 only five veterans are missing, though 100 of the old boys in blue lost everything they had in the disaster.

Rev. Dr. Maguire, of the Methodist Church, reports that only thirty-five of the 1,000 members of his church have been accounted for. The plan of burning the frame buildings left standing has been abandoned, the owners of these and contiguous properties uniting in opposition, while the last night came near setting the whole town afire.

The State Board of Health now declare that they have the situation well in hand and that they have no fear of any severe epidemic resulting from the odors of the ruins.

Pennsylvania will formally take charge of this townsite on Wednesday, and the money of the State of Pennsylvania will ultimately pay for the work of reducing the chaos of the past ten days to order.

UNDER MARTIAL LAW.
The valley will be practically under martial law, if not formally, and the regiments of the State Militia will take turns in camp here.

That is the result, as given out, of a conference held here by Gov. Beaver, Provisional Mayor Scott, Adj.-Gen. Hastings and Vice-President Frank Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

ONLY SOLDIERS CAN REMAIN.
The Sheriff's special deputies and the special policemen will be dismissed, and for at least three months the homely but very military blue uniforms of the Pennsylvania citizen soldiers, which formed such a feature of the Washington Centennial parade in New York April 30, will prevail in this valley of desolation.

LOAN OF A MILLION.
A fund of \$1,000,000 will be taken from the State Treasury for the work of clearing up the valley and restoring it to a condition for the resumption of private business, but this sum will be a loan, given on bonds which will be secured by well-known Philadelphia and New York business houses, and real relief—relief that inflicts no further burden upon this demoralized and discouraged people—must continue to come from the hearts and pockets of generous fellow men and women of the land.

There was a big meeting at which Gov. Beaver, Col. Schoonmaker and Messrs. William McCree, S. B. Marvin, H. J. Gourley, W. M. Ford, J. B. Scott, Thomas M. King, M. McCoy, Capt. W. Jones, Adj.-Gen. Hastings, Reuben Miller and Sheriff McCandless spoke and a general discussion occurred.

GOV. BEAVER'S 200.
Chairman McCree said it was about time the Relief Committee was relieved of the work of removing the debris, and Gov. Beaver said that 200 men were ready to become responsible for \$5,000 each for the work, and that he already had \$250,000 in his hands to be used as soon as a bond could be prepared for these 200 sureties. A committee of seven will be appointed to superintend the work.

ENERGY AT THE CAMBRIA WORKS.
Manager Fulton, of the Cambria Iron Works, says: "We had 3,000 men to work last week. The furnaces are all right, and we are cleaning up things at the mills as rapidly as possible. We shall help our poor fellows to get back their homes, too."

THOUSANDS IN HIS POCKETS.
Among the bodies was that of Undertaker Charles Kimpke. In one of his pockets was a wallet containing \$3,000.

The Evening World
NEW YORK, MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1883.

UNITED IN DEATH.

A Wife Crazy by Her Young Husband's Terrible Fate.

He Was Manicled to Death in an Abattoir Elevator Shaft.

She Hunted Herself Out of the Window of the Chamber of Death.

In less than two hours after John Crane, an able bodied Irishman of thirty with a slight blonde mustache, entered Stern's whittor, 640 West Fortieth street, last night he was a corpse.

Crane had worked for Sterns five years, and was a sober, industrious fellow, who was liked by the men. He was over the night gang.

In trying to climb from one floor to another on a ledge in the elevator shaft, Crane fell headlong, crashed upon the elevator at the bottom and was taken out gasping and bleeding at the mouth.

Between the second and third floors there is a distance of not four feet, as the stairs are arranged at different heights on the two sides of the lift.

John wished to go to the higher floor, and instead of calling for the "lift" he walked along a wooden ledge on one side of the shaft and tried to scramble up onto the floor four feet above.

Not a month ago he had tried the same thing, slipped, and was only saved from falling down the shaft by grasping a hand-staircase, which burst the skin of his hands.

The men have been repeatedly warned not to attempt this passage, and John himself had often cautioned them never to do it.

His bare set and the greasy, slippery door did not afford purchase, and so his sober grin and he fell down the shaft.

The men took him out tenderly in their rough hands and laid him gasping and moaning on his back, with his head on the floor. He never spoke or gave sign of consciousness.

Father Donnelly, of St. Rachel's Church, was hastily summoned and anointed the dying man. He was a member of a lay religious organization whose members communicate every three months.

Some one went to John's house, 419 Tenth avenue, and told his cousin Dominick to come over to the works and take somebody's place who was hurt. Mrs. Crane's suspicions were aroused. She hastened over to the abattoir and saw the lifeless body of her strong young husband.

Her anguish and moanings were terrible. Tom Crane, the brother of the deceased, was also almost beside himself with grief.

Mrs. Crane, when she went back to her own cheerless home, tore up, and down the rooms like one mad. At last, when she could stand no more, she went to the window and hurled herself through the rear window on to the flag of the back yard.

Little Hugh was skipping restlessly about the room, his little pinched face wearing a smile, unconscious that his mamma was a wreck at the hospital, and in the black ice-box laid his dead papa.

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THAT BAD \$20 BILL.

Mrs. O'Dea Says That Mrs. McCarthy Paid It Over to Her.

The Latter Denies It, but Is Held for Larceny.

One of the Most Peculiar Cases Ever Heard in Court.

Mrs. McCarthy, of 216 West Twenty-seventh street, who is charged by Mrs. Catherine O'Dea, a grocery-store keeper at 217 in the same street, with passing a bad twenty-dollar bill on her, was before Justice Gorman in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning.

Mrs. McCarthy was adjudged guilty of larceny and held in \$200 bail for trial.

This is probably one of the queerest cases that has ever come before a police magistrate, and it will probably go down into history as "the mystery of the twenty-dollar bill."

On May 29 Florence McCarthy, who works in Cary & Moon's steel wire factory, at 234 West Twenty-ninth street, came home with \$23, two weeks' wages. He handed his mother a twenty-dollar bill to pay her household expenses during the previous two weeks.

Mrs. McCarthy immediately went over to Mrs. O'Dea's grocery store and settled the account of a little over \$20, receiving in change over \$13.

Two days afterward Mrs. O'Dea sent the bill back, having discovered, by tendering it to her baker, that it was a Confederate State of America note.

The McCarthy mother and son, denied giving the bill and the mother's story followed.

The McCarthy scorned Counselor Joe Stewart to defend them, and he began this morning by cross-questioning Mrs. O'Dea. This is the latter's story:

"On the evening of May 29, Mrs. McCarthy came to me and paid me a bill with this twenty-dollar note. She has been in the habit of giving me these large bills for two years back and I didn't examine it closely. I simply looked at the corner, saw the denomination and gave her \$13 and some cents change."

On Friday I gave the bill to the baker, and he said it was bad. It was only twenty-dollar bill I had received in some time, and I knew I got it from Mrs. McCarthy. So I sent it back."

In reply to the lawyer's question, she said that she always kept the purse in her pocket, and, at night, under her pillow; so none of her family could have changed it without her knowing it.

Patrick O'Dea, her son, testified as follows: "Mother said that Mrs. McCarthy had given her a bad bill and asked me to go over and return it. When I got to her house, Florence, her son, was asleep on the sofa."

"Did you give my mother this bill?" I asked of Mrs. McCarthy.

"I did," she replied.

TOM BURNS IS OUT.

And Wants No Police Help to Settle Scores with Jim Poole.

The Doctors Gave Him Up, but He Walked Out of the Hospital.

He Makes No Complaint, but Jim Is Held on Policeman Donovan's Charge.

Jim Poole, a cousin of Bill, the famous American who died with his boots on in 1885, met Tom Burns on Mott street last night and shot him in the neck.

He aimed another shot at Mr. Burns's head, but the latter escaped it by falling off a plank on which he had been setting.

The bullet crashed through a store window across the street, but fortunately struck no one.

Mr. Poole put his gun in his pocket then and walked calmly away until he heard some one running after him.

He jerked his pistol out again and wheeled around to find Policeman Donovan, of the Mulberry street squad, in hot pursuit of him.

He raised his revolver and pointed it at Officer Donovan, who promptly jumped behind a wagon "to get my own pistol out," he says.

He found his gun, however, Mr. Poole walked into his mother's house, at 162 Mott street, and disappeared.

Poole's brother John is one of the squad at the Mulberry street station, and he promised Capt. Meakin that his brother would "show up" before daylight and he did.

Jim walked into the Mulberry street station shortly after 1 o'clock this morning in company with another brother named Bartholomew, who is at the head of a large mercantile house-looking, well-dressed fellow, and he said to the Sergeant on duty:

"I didn't want my brother Jack to get into any trouble on my account, so I thought I'd drop around and give myself up."

He was accommodated with a cell.

Mr. Burns, after being shot, was carried into a drug store and a good-looking girl knelt beside him and tried to staunch the flow of blood from the gaping wound in his neck.

Every one thought he had received a mortal wound and a number of his pals crowded into the drug store to bid him good-by.

One by one they stooped down and wrung his hand, while his girl held his head in her lap.

THE NEW JERSEY REGATTA.

OUT OF TWENTY-THREE ENTRIES BUT EIGHT YACHTS APPEAR.

Out of twenty-three entries but eight yachts put in an appearance off Liberty Island this morning to participate in the New Jersey Yacht Club Regatta.

The preparatory gun was fired at 10.40 o'clock, the start being from Liberty Island. Then, at 10.50 o'clock, the gun pealed for a starting signal, and the yachts came about and stood on their respective courses.

The little catboat Eddie, of Class G, was the first to cross her time being taken at 10.51.54. The others followed in the order: La Mascotte, 10.53.33; Sirene, 10.53.45; Eagle Wing, 10.53.55; La Mascotte, 10.53.55; and Sirene, 10.54.00.

Eagle Wing, in the open-class of over twenty feet, has a walkover. So does Sirene in the open-class, from twenty-one to twenty-five feet, and La Mascotte in the open-class under twenty-one feet.

Sirene and Eagle Wing will go around Robin's Reef and turn buoy 13.

Eddie and Frankie will turn a stake-boat off Fort Lafayette. All will return to Liberty Island.

ONE SWIMMER NEVER ROSE.

EDWARD SWEENEY'S COMPANIONS REPORT HIM AS DROWNED.

Matthew Powers, Patrick Dobbins, Daniel F. Egan, Edward Packham and Daniel Mahoney, printing-press feeders, were brought before Justice O'Reilly at the Tombs Court this forenoon by Patrolman Donohoe, of the Steam-boat Squad, to tell what they know of the reported drowning of Edward Sweeney, who is a printer, and who went in swimming with them last night at the foot of Vesey street.

Patrolman Donohoe told the Justice that the prisoners came to the police station about 1 o'clock this morning, bringing with them Sweeney's clothes, and informing Sergt. Thompson that they had seen Sweeney at the foot of Vesey street.

The men said they were enjoying themselves yesterday, and at night Powers and Sweeney were in the water, and the other three were on the shore, and they were waiting for Sweeney to come out.

They stood on the outer string-piece of pier A and all jumped into the river together. Sweeney was the first to see Sweeney at the pier, and he was carried downstream rapidly by the tide. A line was thrown from a vessel and Sweeney was dragged on board, but he died from exhaustion. Gunny sacks were put around his head and they were sent ashore to get their clothes.

Packham was picked up by a passing tug in about the same place where Sweeney was seen to plunge, and was carried downstream rapidly by the tide. A line was thrown from a vessel and Sweeney was dragged on board, but he died from exhaustion. Gunny sacks were put around his head and they were sent ashore to get their clothes.

Sweeney was a widower, and lived at the Imperial Hotel, in Park Row. No trace of his wife has been seen since he was believed that he was drowned his body was carried out to sea.

A BROKEN AXLE CAUSED A WRECK.

LAST EDITION

HUMIDITY'S VISIT.

Sergt. Dunn Says It Will Be of Short Duration.

Warmer This Morning Than It Has Been for Six Years.

We Are Likely to Have Some Pretty High Winds.

"Old humidity is with us again, but not for a long visit."

So said Sergt. Dunn, of the Signal Service Bureau, after casting the horoscope of the weather from his observatory in the top of the Equitable Building this morning.

The only thing which will keep the mercury down to-day is the prevailing cloudiness.

Otherwise it would probably overtop yesterday's record of 88 degrees by half a dozen or more notches.

Gothamites ought to be thankful for this, although they are having hard work to keep cool under existing circumstances.

Loose flannel shirts, baggy linen suits that resembled pajamas, limp collars, flabby handkerchiefs and fans were plentiful all along lower Broadway during the early part of the forenoon.

Lots of men who tried to walk down their places of business from uptown to uptown before they had gone a half dozen blocks, several who tried to stick it out were taken up with fainting fits by the time they reached the Post-Office.

A crowd gathered around the thermometer in front of Rudnik's and breathed on it so persistently that the red fluid began to take flying jumps toward the top of the scale.

Two lawyers who had sat on the bench in the Equitable Building this morning mopping their perspiring brows.

One of them "took to the elevator man jocularly."

"Is this warm?"

"Oh, come off, don't spring it on me again! It makes me feel sick," was the rejoinder.

The lawyer collapsed.

"This ought to be the hottest day yet," said Sergt. Dunn.

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